MORNING APPEAL.

SUNDAY.....MAY 15, 1881

MUSSLE SLOUGH MEMORIAL DAY.

The surviving settlers of Mussel Slough have set apart May 11th as a Memorial Day on which to decorate the graves of the men who were killed in the fight with the authorities who came to serve writs of ejectment in behalf of the C. P. R. R. Co. The observance of such a day will forever keep green in the minds of the people the outrage perpetrated on a few poor settlers by a railroad company worth $300,000,000. The *Record-Union*, in commenting on the matter says:

When it is asked what the real circumstances were under which those Mussel Slough settlers met the death, it must be answered that they were men who had squatted upon lands belonging to other people; that when called upon to pay the rightful owners for these lands, they stubbornly refused to do.

The above is partly true. The settlers resisted the authorites, who had come to place parties in possession of lands adjudged by the courts to belong to them. Behind this lies another important fact. The settlers purchased the lands eight years ago, when there was some doubt about the title, and the railroad company agreed, in printed circulars, that if these lands were purchased and improved, the purchasers would not be called upon to pay for the improvements in case it should be decideded that the land belonged to the company. The settlers purchased the land, believing that the company would stand up its agreement as laid down in its printed circulars, which it has not done. The original settlers refused to pay the additional price for improvements, and the company then sold the land to other parties, and called upon the courts to put them in possession.

CARYLE'S BOOK.

The book which Cariyle left as a sort of literary firebrand is already beginning to burn its way into public attention and is raising a smoke which is not likely to endear the memory of the author to the admirers of the many literary idols he attempted to demolish. No one can help admiring his vigorous diction and his independence of expression, but his towering egotism expressed in the form of coarse contempt for every other writer living or dead, will always be looked upon as a trait in his character which would have bettered Carlyle by its omission. He alludes to various literary men of England as "turnspits," "monkeys," "unhanged hounds," etc., and characterizes Walter Scott as "a toothless relator of old wives' fables." The liberating of the negro he considered a giant lie destined to go down in hellfire along with the improvement of prisons. He looked upon every civilian as a rascal and every writer as a fool. In short he believed that there was no man living as great as Carlyle, and one turns over the pages of his book expecting every moment to find him alluding to Shakespeare as "an egregious ass chattering a lot of incoherent gibberish in the clouds," or a "reformed sheep stealer who should have stuck to his original calling."

We hope that the Gold Hill *News* will not again presume to steal our original poetry. It is only constructed after infinite manual and sometimes mental labor, and, bad as it is, is dearly cherished by us. We can't see why the *News* could not as well appropriate the rhymings of some dead poet, like Scott or Byron, rather than to ruthlessly tread upon a living worm of song, whose feelings might thereby be depressed. We value our poetry personally next to our best paying advertising column, but can always console ourselves with the reflection that he who steals our verse steals trash, which makes him poor indeed, and leaves us financially none the worse off.

Mr. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, thinks that Whitelaw Reid's success is due more to tact than talent. According to Mr. D. "he does not exhibit any mental force, or original genius, or shining quality, any moral grasp, or any vital faith, but merely deportment, mediocrity, pretentious respectability, toadyism, venality and stock jobbery."

Cadet Whitaker would have saved the government $2,400 a day if he could only have tucked his ears under his collar.

One seeing the poultry display in the *News* over the lottery decision would imagine that C. C. Stevenson had written the decision and the Court "concurred."

What's In A Name?

Apropos of new verses of Tennyson's, a friend remarked to us some years ago that "after a man has acquired a reputation he can write most any kind of d—n nonsense and people will think it first rate." And he was about rig t. People read and admire the po r productions of authors which if pub ished anonymously would attr ct no attention. There is much in a name, sometimes. Thackeray used to tell a story of overhearing two waiters talking about him in a hotel. The dia ogue ran as follows:

"You see that man?"

"Yes."

"That's the celebrated Mr. Thackeray."

"You don't say so! What did he do?"

"D d if I know!"

This story of Thackeray's furnishes an illustration of how a man's name may become more famous than his deeds, just as after the nomination of James K. Polk for the Presidency people would stop sh uting "Hurrah for Polk" to ask "Who the d——l is James K Polk?" Here is a story from the April *Atlantic* in illustration of the power of a name:

"A few months, or years, ago—it doesn't matter which—a cer ain friend of mine ook it n o his head to try a curious experiment My friend is a distinguished man of letters, whose manuscript is as good as gold at any publisher's counter. Though a writer of books, he is an experienced magazini-t, and it w s in connection with magazines that he proposed to test the va ue of a name He prepared his artic e with all the ski l he knew, had it copied by his daughter, and sent th copy to the editor of the leading literary mag zine of the United States. After a delay of s x weeks the copy was returned to my friend, who promptly dispatched it to another chief magazi e the nameless contributation was again returned to he author. No it was not 'some po r litt e prose sketch.' It was a litt e masterpiece. To ent a long and dismal story short, five American magazines refused (and two very curt y) to pri t a paper for which any one of the five editors in question would have paid ten times its weight in gold, if he had known who wr te it. My friend enjo ed the matter imme se y. He took especial de light in a note which accompanied one of the dec in dions. It was written by a sub-editor, presumably a young man, who saw so much 'promise' in the essay submitted to him that he proceeded to give my friend a few general hints on the subject of lite ary style."

The Pets of Paris

The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* writes:

"Annas Deslions was the most perfect specimen an impure Paris had. She was every way be utiful. She never came to a dinner party b fore 9.30, and I assure you when she made her appearance in her splendid dresses, embroidered with lions and with al her lac , she mad a sensation. Lace was her hobb . She paid $1,000 a month for the mere washing of her l ce. She was continually wrapped in lace; she never wore a corset under them; a goddess' brest swelled under the immense Marie Antoinette shawls of Valenciennes She did not live much at home, but when she did hav company she gave roya entertainments—royal by the company and by the tone which reigned in them. I still remember t ose two immence vases filled with gold coin which s ood near the card tables, at the service of a l who had lost money on cards. I know noblemen who took handsfu l of th t money Her carriages and horses were in no manner inf rior to those of the Emperor of Duke de Morny.

"Cora Pearl is still alive. It is even said that she is going to be married to a cousin. She has with her pistols broken pipes held in the month of nob emen; she has s apped the cheeks of highnesses; she has had dr ssing rooms more br liant than those of an embassadress Her hobby was furs. She had the most beautiful furs of Paris, as Annas Deslions has the most splendid lace. She still goes almo t every day to Bois de Boulogne. She has s e t milli ns and millions, but she has never been rich.

"Caroline Leessier too, has had her hour of fame, when she was expelled from russia becau e she wore one night in a stage box the cross of St Audrew, al diamonds on he breast; she owed her fame to the fact that a man—every body knows the high position which he occupied—was so enamored of her as to take his cordon of St. Andrew from his own princely neck and put it around her-, knowing ful well beforehand that he would be exiled to Siber a f r his folly.

"Deveria, too h d her hour of fame; one, too, of a great scandal. One bright moonlight night in St. Petersburg she asked Duke de——to march his regiment immedia'ely in front of her windows. It was mid night The Duke ran to the barracks, ordered his trumpeters to sound the alarm, ordered his officers and men to mount, and made them ga lop at the top of their speed in front of Dev ria's windows."

At a fire in Paris a fireman who was about to s ve a child, as ed for s mething to protect his eyes. "Who's got a pair of specta c es?' he cried A gentleman very politely took from his nose a fine pair of Brazilian pebb es, wiped them car fully, and handing them amiably to the fireman, remarked: "I hardly know whether thes are your exact number!"—Figaro